

for once, the city had not failed them.  
the rents were low.  
the utilities didn't require deposits.  
the landlord was an old Greek who gave them extra  
furniture and fixed the sink  
for free.  
the skies were bright.  
the house cute.  
friends did not neglect them.  
for once, the city had not failed them.  
but she clutched the pillow  
and wept.  
he sat in his red chair and stared.

cruelty is a human vice.  
nothing more horrible  
than two lovers shoving one another  
into ovens.  
notice how they pull the gold from the teeth  
before plucking each hair.  
-- afterwards, you will see how they fondle  
the baked skeletons.

-- Dan Georgakas

Hackettstown, New Jersey

Lunch

at lunch we sat in athens,  
three pumped-up wordbags.  
after shrimp our tongues began.

with moussaka we felled  
the british empire, then  
salad talk of snobs.

soon there was only wine  
& words she'd found  
in plays, tasted, swallowed  
but didn't digest.

she said why dont you  
help the peasants?

a pity we lost  
india said he.